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02x05 - ...Wherever That Dream May Lead You

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02x05 - ...Wherever That Dream May Lead You

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **02/15/02 10:51**

[Drag King night at Woody's.Three women dressed like Elvis croon his classic tune"Follow that Dream." Mel and Linds are wearingmen's shirts and hats, and Melanie's in Lindsay's lap.]

Follow that dream, I gotta follow that dream

Keep a-movin, move along, keep a moving

I've got to follow that dream wherever that dream maylead

I've got to follow that dream to find the love I need

When your heart gets restless, time to move along...#

Brian: Since when did Woody's become a c**t-ry club?

Mel: Since you're here?

Justin: Have another round?

Brian: No. That's the last for you. You've got schooltomorrow.

Linds: You're first day! I'm so proud of you!

Brian: One minute he's in a coma, and the next, he'sgoing to college.

Linds: Well, with the word of the King, 'You gotta followthat dream!'

Em: Mmmh, now there is a dream.

[A beauty goes by.]

Linds: I have the same dream since I was little - to fallin love, get married, and have a baby.

Michael: About two out of three isn't bad.

Linds: Three out of three is even better.

Justin: You've get married?

Michael: When did you decide?

Em: Why didn't you tell us?

Mel: Yes. A few weeks ago we just did.

Brian: Here is a toast to the happy couple. May you cometo your senses before it's too late.

Em: Oh, it's so exciting that everyone's dreams arecoming true! Hey, what's you're dream, sweety?

Michael: My dream is to one day know what my dream is.

Brian: Dreaming is for people who are asleep. I'd ratherbe awake. And f*cking.

Michael: I'm gonna call Ted and tell him to get his assdown here.

Brian: And I was having such a good time.

Mel: Could you just f*ck way off them. Teddy is reallydepressed.

Linds: He's been trying to get a job ever since thatincident.

Brian: I wouldn't exactly call sh**ting a load off infront of my boss an 'incident.'

Michael: He's not picking up.

Em: Did you suppose he's doin' something... drastic? Imean he could lyin' in bed right now... dead.

Brian: How could you tell?

[Ted's Condor. Emmett knocks onthe door, but gets no answer. He lets himself in, andfinds every available space of the condo filled withwadded-up tissues. Nobody seems here. He opens thebedroom door. Ted's on the bed, watching a porno, jerkingoff, surrounded by more wadded-up tissues.]

Em: Ted. What are you doin'?

Ted: What the hell looks like?

Em: God, look like a bathhouse here. When was the lasttime you left this place?

Ted: Four days. I'm in the middle of a marathon.

Em: Just like AMC: 'American Masturbation Classics.'Honey, I think you have a problem.

Ted: You're right. Usually, Ricky Rod's hairlesschew-hole drives me crazy, but for some reason, it's lostits magic.

Em: I know that you've been a little depressed, latelybut you have to pull yourself together.

Ted: What do you think I'm trying' to do? You're notmaking it any easier. Now, if you really want to help,grab a nipple and squeeze.

Em: Do I look like a human tit clamp?

Ted: Look at that!

Em: Uh, it's hot.

[Ted, eyes wide and glassy. Intrigued, he sits down onthe side of the bed. Ted pokes him with a bottle oflotion. Emmett almost takes it without thinking, and thenjumps away.]

Em: No! You are not sucking me into your black hole ofdepravity! Now you get up! You get up right now!

Ted: You're right. I've been in this bed long enough.

[Ted's Condor. In the livingroom.]

Ted: Let's see who's on DemonDick.com, shall we?

Em: This is not what I'm meant! Listen to me, Teddy!Look, I know it's tough getting fired. It's a tremendousblow.

Ted: Blow?

Em: Crash that. But there is a great big fabulous worldout there.

Ted: Let me tell you something about that fabulous worldout there. You either jerk off or you get jerked off. [Helooks at the computer screen.] Yeah, go for it!

[Brian's loft. Brian's in bed,getting a blowjob from Justin. Brian rolls over toreciprocate.]

Justin: No. No! This was just for you.

Brian: Since when do you turn down getting your dicksucked?

Justin: Since tomorrow is my big day and I save my energyfor my art.

Brian: What do you call this?

Justin: I'll promised you can blow me tomorrow night.

Brian: Yeah, but who say's I'm in the mood?

Justin: You're always in the mood? It's kind of amazing when you think about it at you're age.

[Brian goes to the bathroom, and Justin tries to work ona drawing in his sketchpad. His right hand starts shakinguncontrollably. Justin pulls it back and stretches itout, making sure that Brian didn't see. Justin triesagain, and the same thing happens. And terror is writtenall over his face. Brian walks back to bed.]

Brian: You're drawing my c*ck again?

Justin: I just doodling.

[Brian goes down on his d*ck.]

Justin: What are you doin'?

Brian: I just doodling.

Justin: I told you I have school.

[Breakfast at the Liberty Diner.Brian and Mike sit in a booth together.]

Mike: Think I'm look good with a new haircut? Look Iwould?

Brian: What have you in mind?

Mike: I don't know. Maybe buzzing it or bleaching it.

Brian: That it would be cool...for two years ago. So,what's wrong?

Mike: No-one's wrong. Why you think somethin' is wrong?

Brian: Because everytime you wanna change you're hair.

Mike: That is so not true!

[Deb comes up with the coffee.]

Brian: [to Deb] Mike's thinking about changing his hair.

Deb: Oh God. Baby, what's wrong? Tell me.

Mike: Allright, allright! It just feels like everybody'slife is speeding along. Lindsay and Melanie are gettingmarried. Justin's going to art school, and he waspractically dead a couple of months ago, for f*ck's sake!And I'm still stuck at the starting gate!

Deb: Since when is there a race?

Mike: Since I feel I'm coming in last!

Deb: Well, then do somethin' about it! After all, you'recute. You're young. You're hung.

Mike: Like what?

Brian: Quit the f*cking Q!

Mike: Don't you think I'd like to? But I have obligationsto others.

Deb: What is one of the others beside yourself? I wouldsay you're first obligation is to yourself. So, whatwould make you happy?

[Long silence follows.]

Brian: Should we hum the theme to Jeopardy?

Mike: f*ck you! What would make me happy is to get towork on time and not get sh*t from my boss!

[A tired Emmett goes to the table.]

Em: Thanks God you're here.

Mike: Where have you been? You didn't come home lastnight?

Deb: Somebody get lucky.

Em: Good for him. I spent the night at Ted's. This guy isin deep sh*t trouble. We need to have an invention.

Deb: Who's?

Brian: Crystal.

Em: Whipping the Willie.

Brian: Schmuck. He couldn't even get a decent addiction.

[Ted's. Ted's watching a pornofrom the couch. He looks up as the camera pans over tothe other side of the living room, where Brian, Emmett,and Mike hover with concern.]

Ted: Something I get you're guys anything? Coffee? Juice?Poppers?

[Brian will start to the poppers.]

Em: Don't get too close. He might ask you to squeezesomething.

Ted: So, what's up?

Em: You, Teddy. You have a problem. That's I've broughtMichael and Brian. We're friends and cared about you andfree to help.

Ted: Not to worry about. I've got the situation in hand.

Mike: Yeah, we can see that.

Ted: Look, I've been under a lot of stress lately. AndI've been release something intension, that's all.

Mike: Just remember, you have so much to give -- so manygifts. So many great big fabulous ...

Em: Alright, already. I'll talk about that.

Brian. f*ck this! Get off your a*s and go take a shower.You reek. And go find a job.

Em: What I think Brian tryin' want to say in his owncarry way is you're having a self-esteem crisis. We knowthat you can become a valuable member of society again.So allow us to love you until you can love yourself.

Mike: I think he's loved himself plenty.

[Brian opens up his cell phone and calls his office.]

Brian: Hey, it's Kinney. Put Olli on. Olli? It's Brian.Have you still a replacement for Mendosa? Well, I justfound them. His name is Schmidt.

[Brian tries to shake the tissue loose while setting upan interview for Ted with his agency's accountingdepartment. Brian can't get rid of the tissue. He triesscraping it off on the carpet.]

Brian: Ted Schmidt. Yeah, he is a total dore. [He hangsup.] Hey wonderwacker! I just raved about you a hell ofaccountant. You have a meeting at four o'clock. So don'tfuck it up!

Ted: Don't worry, I'm too sore to f*ck anything!

[Justin's first art class. Seveneasels surround a nude male model. The professor is ablack woman.]

Professor: It's good. Sexual.

Student: Thank you.

Professor: Allright class. Let's focus on musculature ofthe back and the buttocks.

Justin: [whisper] f*ck...

Professor: Something's wrong, Mr.Taylor?

Justin: No. Nothing.

[She wanders past Justin just as his hand goes out ofcontrol.]

[Q-Mart. Mike runs in, adjustinghis tie.]

Tracy: Hey. Where have you been?

Michael: A friend was in trouble.

Tracy: Andrew's still looking for you.

Andrew: Nice to you to join us, Novotny.

Michael: Sorry Andrew, couldn't be held.

Andrew: Maybe waltzing in anytime you please was okaywhen you were running things, but I'm in charge now.

Michael: Look, I said I'm sorry, okay?

Andrew: Hey, take it easy. I'm not tryin' to bust you'reballs. It's just that I would you're experience is a lot.I'm depend on you for.

Michael: Thanks.

Andrew: Some childs is threw up in front of the dairycase. Who could clean it up better than you?

Michael: Sure. I'm in the way.

[He's walking away.]

Tracy: Oh, what a jerk! Why do you put up with it?

Michael: I'm better get it on.

[PIFA. Justin is still in thesame room, trying to finish his sketch. The Dean of theschool walks in.]

Dean: Mister Taylor?

Justin: Dean Larson.

Dean: The press you standing says that you have troubletoday in light class.

Justin: I wasn't anything in trouble.

Dean: They said you've lost control of you're hand.

Justin: A just for a second. It wasn't a big deal.

Dean: Mr.Taylor, you're having a problem.

Justin: It's not a problem. I told you. It's just... itget a little tired. My occupational therapist think thestrength will be back.

Dean: May I?

[He wants to see some scetch.]

Justin: It's not... it's not finished.

Dean: You're a really talented young men, Justin. Youhaven't it been here when I think you're weren't. But asyou know it's a very strenuous program. I think you needa seriously consider if you're able to get therequirements.

[Mike walks into Buzzy'scomic-book store, looking like he just made it home.]

Buzzy: Hey Michael. How's goin', bud?

Michael: Better know that I'm here. Hey, did you havalready that Justice League?

Buzzy: Yeah, but that it might not get there in time.

Michael: In time from what?

Buzzy: I'm goin' to Florida.

Michael: Yeah? When you've coming back?

Buzzy: I'm not. I have friends down in Sean Peat. Theytell me for years to get the hell out of the snows. So,I'm decide it. I'm packing the van and I'm up.

Michael: What about the store?

Buzzy: I'm closin' it. Twenty two years is long enough.I'm going to kick back, smoke some weed. Do some fishing.Maybe I'll start up a band. That's always been a dream ofmine.

Michael: Good luck, Buzzy.

Buzzy: Thanks Michael.

[Babylon. All guys dancing in thecrowd. The Boys watch from the usual stairway.]

Em: I just want you to know how very, very proud I am ofyou.

Ted: For what?

Em: For kicking you're direction. For kicking out of bed.For doin' some productive.

Brian: Like sharing a buck in Babylon!

Em: Like getting a new job.

Ted: Thanks to me... here I say it... good friend Brian.

Brian: Don't say it!

Em: But you've must really impressed them.

Brian: All I've said is that you a really boring. Whichis quite big compliment for an accountant.

Ted: OK, I know I'm not you're favourite person. In fact,out of the six billion people in the world, I'm sure thatI rank somewhere below the population of Zambia andZimbabwe, but if there's anything I can do to return thefavor...

Brian: There is. You've see me at lunch? Pretend youdon't know me.

Ted: Got ya.

[Brian offers Mike a pill.]

Brian: One for Mikey.

Michael: Get this sh*t away from me!

Em: What have you?

Michael: Nothing! - Buzzy's moving to Florida! Evenfucking Buzzy has a dream!

Ted: Who's f*cking Buzzy?

Brian: No one. I've seen him.

Em: He has a comic book store. Honey, aren't there anyother places?

Michael: That's my place! I've been go there since I was10!

[Cut to Justin. He's looking for Brian.]

Justin: Hey.

Brian: Hey. Why you aren't home and packing lunch box?You've school tomorrow.

Justin: I don't need to. I'm not goin'.

Em: Let me guess. You heard that they're going to makeyou draw vaginas?

Justin: I quit!

Em: You...what?!

Ted: What for?

Justin: Well, I can't draw anymore, so what's the pointof wasting my time. When I could be here, popping pillsand drinking beer and sticking my gimp hand down guys'pants. [He goes to some hottie.] You wanna dance?

Guy: f*ck yeah!

Michael: What's that all about?

Brian: Pain management.

[The other day. Big Q. Mike andTracy hang a huge banner that proclaims, "Big Q'sAnnual Sidewalk Sale! Fun for the Whole Family!"Bunches of red, white, and blue balloons hang from allthe racks.]

Michael: I can't wait for this day to be over.

Tracy: Thank God is just once in a year.

Michael: Fun for the Whole Family. More like, 'Here'syour balloon, kid, now shut up and let me shop!' So,who's the victim this year?

Tracy: Sally, the new cashier.

Michael: She's sweet. At least she was until today. Todaywe drain her of her soul, her dignity.

Andrew: Sally just called. She's not feeling well. Didsomebody tell her?

Tracy: Not me.

Michael: Didn't say a word.

Andrew: We need somebody else. It's all you're Novotny.

Michael: Wait a minute!

Andrew: Is a policy. The newest employee gets the honor.

Tracy: But Michael's been here forever.

Andrew: Correction. He left, then he come back. So duringmy calculations you're it. Now go get dressed.

Michael: Forget it!

[The next shot features Mike allclowned up, holding a bunch of balloons. Kids circlearound him and try and grab at the balloons.]

Boy: Can I have a balloon, please?

[Mike hands a white one to a small boy.]

Boy: I wanted a red one.

Michael: Life sucks, kid. Better you know now to bedisappointed later.

[Linds has hear the last sentense. Mel and Linds comingup with Gus.]

Linds: I could swear it's Michael.

Mel: Where?

Linds: That guy in the clown suit.

Mel: What would he be doing in a clown suit? He's amanager, they don't make managers clowns.

[Mike spots them and tries to hide behind his balloons.]

Linds: Excuse me, could we get a balloon for our son?

[Mike tries to hand Lindsay all of them, so that he canstill hide.]

Mel: Oh thanks, but we only need one, please.

Linds: We're looking for a friend, Michael Novotny. Heworks here.

[Linds are going around him.]

Linds: Michael! It is you!

Mel: Oh Michael, why are you doin' this?

Michael: Don't ask. And don't tell - especially to Brian.

Linds: There have been some great clowns! Bozo, EmmettKelly --

[Michael walks off.]

Mel: Hey, what is with Gus' balloon?

[Brian's advertising agency.Brian walks down the hall with a colleague as Ted passesby.]

Ted: Hey guys, how's goin'?

Guy: Who's that? A geyser?

Brian: Who the f*ck do I now?

[They're goin' to the computer room. A guy leans relaxedfor.]

Brian: If you're not feeling pressure, I'm not doin' myjob.

[Brian looks at the screen.]

Brian: It's interesting.

Guy#2: Of course it's needs some refining. I can give ared poppies, green leaves, there you go.

[Brian looks surprise to the touch screen.]

Brian: That'samazing.

Guy#2: Thanks.

Brian: We're talking about this thing.

Guy#2: Oh this, it's cool.
[Ted's new office. Ted sits behind a stack of papers, as his new boss briefs him on the many things he needs to know about the wide,wonderful world of ad-agency accounting.]

New Boss: You're familiar with the P-3 software?

Ted: It's just like my last job.

New Boss: We keep our receivable currency and we have a revolving line of credit at the Bank of Pittsburgh.

Ted: It's just like my last job.

New Boss: We paid our client billing.

Ted: It's just like my last job.

New Boss: And we walk around like we're dead inside.

Ted: It's just like my last job.

New Boss: Mr.Schmidt? Mr.Schmidt!

Ted: I will start with that right away,Mr.Wertshafter...uh, Blackshafter...uh, sirshafter.

[phone rings.]

Ted: Ted Schmidt.

Em: Hey I just called and see how's goin'?

Ted: Oh, it's great. I couldn't be better.

Em: So, what's it like?

Ted: Glorious, I have a desk and a chair and a computer.

Em: What's the color scheme?

Ted: Beigey-grey, or greyish-beige, depending on how youwant to look at it.

Em: Well, that sounds perfect, honey. Stay in touch, butstay off you-know-what.com!

[Hehangs up. Cut to Em's living room.]

Em: Thank you God for make me out of mouth.

[Michael comes in.]

Em: You look good with a little makeup.

Michael: f*ck! They told you, didn't they? They couldn'twait.

Em: Tell me what?

Michael: What are you talking about?

Em: g*y Pride. What are you talking about?

Michael: g*y Pride. How they turn around?

Em: And forgive me for saying this, but you make onebitchin' broad.

Michael: I can't believe I let you walk me into wearing adress. There I am, kissing my boss. The biggest assholein the world.

Em: Honey, that's what Pride is all about. Love andforgiveness, I mean. You're been blush.

[He plops down onto the couch and stews. Looking up, hesees his big Captain Astro mural. He goes into his roomand gets the issue of Astro Comics #1 that Brian boughthim for his birthday, and looks it over.]

[Later, back at the loft, Brian'sbrought home the computer from work. It sits patiently onthe desk as

he does many crunches on the floor. Justincomes home.]

Brian: Lost Boy returns.

[Justin pads into the kitchen, grabs a bottle of water,and pours it over his head.]

Brian: Feelin' better?

Justin: A lots.

Brian: How's Daphne?

Justin: She and her roomies had to study. Fortunately,that's no longer my problem. I went to Woody's and letguys buy me drinks. They all wanted to f*ck me. Thank GodI still have my looks. Till now, I'm saving that for you.

[Justin fumbles around.]

Brian: You're a sweetheart. Later. Come and see what Igot you.

Justin: What? A new buttplug manual?

Brian: Better. I saw it today at work...

Justin: I'm not interested.

Brian: You're not even know what it is.

Justin: Sure I did. It's false hope.

Brian: You can draw with it. See? Same as a pen or pencilbut it's easier to control.

Justin: Oh, I could get with my gimp hand?

Brian: And there's a million special effects that you cancreate with it. Stop being a f*cking princess and comegive it a try.

Justin: What for? To make you happy? So you can tellyourself you fixed Little Justin's problems and madeeverything all better? Well, you can't fix this, alright?-- No one can.

Brian: So, you're just gonna quit.

Justin: It's over, all right? Accept it. I'm not going todraw again! And no f*cking electronic Crayola box isgonna fix that! So, why you f*ck me before I pass out.

[Justin goes in the bed.]

[Big Q Mart. The Truck Guys areteasing Mike about dressing up as a clown.]

Guy#1: Excuse me sir, can you tell me where I can get thered noses?

Guy#2: I hear, they will get you the bunny suit for theEaster sale.

Tracy: Has you guys nothing better to do? Like doin'you're jobs?

Guy#1: We're just kiding around.

Tracy: Well, why didn't you kiding around someone else?

[The two guys leaving.]

Tracy: They are the clowns.

Michael: They were right. It was ridiculous.

Andrew: Okay Novotny, better get into this.

Michael: What?

Andrew: You did such a good job yesterday. I just figuredyou should do it today.

Michael: No f*cking way!

Andrew: And watch you're language, pal. This is a familystore. And you get dressed.

Michael: Sorry Andrew, you just gonna find somebody else.

Andrew: Excuse me?

Michael: I said no.

Andrew: In case you're forgotten I'm the manager now.

Michael: I'm well aware of that. Since you've managed tonever let me forgetten but the thing you can't forget isthat the only reason you have this job is because I left.My only mistake was that I should never have come back!

Andrew: I said put it on.

Michael: And I said no.

Andrew: Put it on... or you're fired.

Michael: f*ck you!

[Michael goes to Tracy and kisses her goodbye. Then hegrabs Andrew and kisses him, too, fast and hard.]

Michael: So long, Loverboy.

[Mike purrs, lifting a knowing eyebrow. Andrew's inshock.]

[Liberty Diner. Justin carriestwo coffee carafes.]

Justin: Watch you're back. Hot stuff coming through.

[Debbie pinches his butt]

Deb: No kidding! Whoo!

[Lindsay sits at the counter watching Emmett eat a donutwith a knife and a fork.]

Linds: I've never seen anyone eat a donut like thisbefore. Is that a southern thing?

Em: It's more a survival, sort of thing. Try and grab it.

[She does, and Emmett nearly spears her hand with thefork.]

Em: This may not be approved, but with six hungrybrothers and sisters it's all what counts. Hey, morecoffee jobber boy.

[Justin tries to pour the coffee into Emmett's cup, buthe loses control and he spills all over the counter.]

Deb: Maybe you give you're hand a rest, huh, sunshine.

Justin: Let me mind you're own f*cking business!

Deb: What did you say to me?

Justin: I said mind you own business.

Deb: Yeah, I heard what you said.

Justin: Then why you ask me to repeat it?

Deb: I just wanted to make sure I heard correctly.

Justin: Leave me the f*ck alone!

[Debbie pulls him aside.]

Deb: Justin! I know what happen to you sucks. I'm notgiven you some popping sh*t about everything happens fora reason or that was God's gift to make you stronger.Because if anyone had say that to me, honey, when Vic wasdying, I would have punched them right in the f*ck. All you can do at a time like this is just hang onuntil the scenery changes. So, why you just let me handlethe hot stuff, okay?

[Justin nodds.]

Deb: And one more thing. The next time you talk to melike that, I'm going to rip you a new butthole so big youcan stick a cannon up your a*s.

Linds: [to Emmett] Bye.

Em: Bye.

Linds: [to Justin] Something tells me you need a break.

[The Art Gallery. Lindsay andJustin wander through a new exhibit.]

Linds: So, what do you think?

Justin: Who gives a sh*t that I think?

[Lindsay prompts.]

Justin: The technique is color, it's interesting.

[They stand right in front of a paiting.]

Linds: "A sad young men".

Justin: Yeah, who needs to look at that?

Linds: Especially when you've got a mirror.

Justin: I like that one. It's less representational, it'smore spontaneous, it's more...angry.

Linds: Like what you're feeling?

Justin: The artist is obviously influence by the work ofthe abstractionist.

[A paraplegic woman in a wheelchair rolls on over. Sheand Lindsay exchange air kisses.]

Adrienne: Lindsay long time day!

Linds: Congratulations to the show.

Adrienne: Thanks.

Linds: I like to meet a new friend. This is JustinTaylor. This is Adrienne Bennet. She is the artist.Justin is an artist, too. He was just call on this piecehow much he like the spontaneity, the anger.

Adrienne: Yeah, I was in the mood that day. So, whatkinds stuff you do?

Justin: I've done anymore. I give it up.

Adrienne: Christ, if I couldn't work, I'd wheel myselfoff a cliff.

Justin: How do you? I mean...

Adrienne: Work? The way two snails f*ck. Very slowly. Igot this contruction called arm bended. It's good onbrushing.

Justin: Sounds hard.

Adrienne: What's easy besides complaining?

Linds: As if you never did that.

Adrienne: Back off, b*tch, or I'll roll over your foot. Ihave to admit that I wasn't too pleased after doin' spinout on the Panlay Park Way to wake up and commit that mydancing days are over. In fact, I was offering big bucksto anyone who would sh**t me. He must feeling the sameway. It ain't the end of the world, kid. Unless you wantit to be. Now, pick a painting.

Justin: Mmmh?

Adrienne: I want you to have one.

Linds: Adrienne.

Adrienne: Don't worry about it, it's plenty more releasefrom.

[Debbie lets herself into Mike'sapartment. She's wearing a Shirt "You say tomato, Isay f*ck off".]

Debbie: I just called the Big Q. They said that you notlonger work there?! That you quit?

Michael: That's right, mom.

Debbie: Why would you do stupid thing like that?

Michael: I'm following my dream.

Debbie: To be unemployed?

[Brian comes out of the bath.]

Brian: Leave him alone, Deb.

Debbie: I should have known that you be involved.

Brian: I have nothing to do with it.

Debbie: Yeah, I've been hearing that since you werefourteen.

Brian: It's his life!

Debbie: Yeah, that's easy for you to say -- you can payyour bills.

Michael: Would you two knock it off? I'm gonnaconcentrate.

Debbie: On what?

Michael: I'm marching something on eBay.

Brian: You're mother? Better not start the bidding tohigh.

Michael: My Captain Astro Vol.1, Issue 1.

Brian: The one that I brought you for you're birthday?That cost a f*cking mind.

Michael: I know. If I get enough for it I'm gonna buyBuzzy's store.

Debbie: You buy a comic book store? It's crazy.

Michael: So it's staying a shop where I'm gonna bemiserable for the rest of my life.

Brian: What's the bit at?

Michael: It's stuck in a thousand.

Brian: A thousand?! f*ck, it worth more than that!

Debbie: If you said that you've really sorry maybe theygive you you're job back?

Michael: It's only a few minutes left.

Brian: How does five thousand sounds?

Michael: You're bitting on yourself?

Debbie: Why would the f*ck do this? You're already boughtit ones!

Brian: The secret to getting someone to want something isto convince them that someone else wants it more.

Debbie: That won't never work. People doesn't thatstupid.

Michael: Six thousand dollars!

Debbie: Then again...

[The video store. Ted's droppingoff his rentals, housed in a very large department-storebag.]

Ted: So, I will bring the rest back tomorrow.

Mel: The rest?

Ted: Put it on my charge client.

[a customer comes up with three videos.]

Customer: Which of these you recommend.

Clerk: You think I watch this sh*t? Ask him. He saw itall.

Ted: Let me see. Your a*s-Licked Park. Excellent rimmingscene between a paleontologist and a stegosaurus. ForestDump. Some idiot gives Nixon a plate job in the OvalOffice. Oh, definitely this one, Arm-n'-head-in. It's gotthe best fisting scene on an asteroid headed to earthever filmed.

Customer: Wow. I take this one.

[Outside the video store. Mel andTed are leaving them after Ted brings back a part of hiscollection.]

Melanie: Look, you are amazing! Although I wouldn't callknowing every boy-bang flick ever made a significantcontribution to cultural literacy.

Ted: Hey, Missy Big Words, I'm not ashamed of lovingporn! Pornografie have an surviving important andprofound human service.

Melanie: Oh, that sound to good.

Ted: Take a guy like me, renting a video. What are mychoices? A moronic comedy, a cop drama staring somebrainless actor sh**ting off his little g*n, or...anexotic fantasyland filled with beautiful men, all of whomare there for the sole purpose of leasing me. This is mychance to be Brian Kinney. f*ck anyone I want.

Melanie: Allright, allright. There is a lots of dreamboy.But you have to admit it's a dirty business.

Ted: For making people happy? It's a lot more than I cansay for me job. All I do is crunching numbers so someasshole can cheat Uncle Sam out of a few bucks! Nowthat's what I call porn! There's no socially redeemingvalue whatsoever.

Melanie: I think you provide a extremely valuableservice.

Ted: Preparing you're taxes? Yeah? When was the last timeI made you come?

Melanie: 1998. I got a big refund. I get at the court.Bye.

[Ted's attention is caught by the monitors inside thevideo store. One is hooked up to a camera that's shootingthe outside through the window bars; from Ted'sperspective, it looks like he's caught in a cage.Trapped! And in his head, he hears, "Yeah. Go forit!".]

[Michael's place. Still biting oneBay.]

Michael: It stuck at six thousand.

Brian: Allright, seven thousand.

Michael: Christ Brian, they won't do that. It's onlythirty seconds left.

Brian: Huh! Eight thousand.

Debbie: Take it! Take it!

Michael: It doesn't work that way, mom.

Brian: Nine thousand.

Michael: God, no!

Debbie: I can't look. I can't look!

[She buries her head into the top of her son's, coveringhis eyes with her talons. Mike has to push her

off.]

Michael: But you have you're finger in my eye!

Debbie: I'm sorry, honey.

Michael: Ten seconds.

Debbie: [screams] NOBODY'S BITTING!

Michael: Look! [Somebody bitts ten thousand.]

Debbie: ...ten thousand...

Brian: Ten thousand...

Michael: Ten thousand...

Debbie: Ten thousand!

[Cue laughter! Screaming! Jumping around! Mike grabsBrian and kisses him! Brian grins in relief.]

Debbie: Oh, and to think I used to yell at you forreading them!

[Later at Woody's. The g*ng isthere. Except Justin.]

Emmett: On the store. I already know somebody has astore. Finally I can get a fabulous discount on somethingI have no desire to own. Why couldn't your dream havebeen cashmere?

Melanie: My grandfather used to own his own dry-goodstore in Brooklyn and he use to say, "Better to workfor yourself, than some meshugine ganif!"

Lindsay: He knew what he was talking about, even if noone else did!

[Brian grabs Mike and kisses him.]

Michael: What was that for?

Brian: Cause you're so pathetic.

Michael: Thanks a lot.

Brian: What f*cking life has other option? What if ithadn't work up?

Michael: Well, then I guess I'd have no money, no job, nonothing.

Brian: Nothing but the biggest ba*ls in the whole f*ck.

Linds: Teddy, what are you doin' here?

Brian: Why you not at home and jerk off?

Ted: Since I finally come to my sences and I wanna thankyou guys for helping me through one of the darkest andmost difficult times on my life. But I finally ready tobecome a productive part of society again. I want to giveback to the community, feel a sense of pride, of purpose.

Emmett: That's wonderful, sweetheart.

Ted: So, I decided to quit my new job and start my ownporno website.

Melanie: What?

Michael: Well, at least he's following his dream!

Brian: Wherever it will may be.

[Brian's. Justin slumps in a chair acrossfrom his gift from Brian. A painting of some very thinsneering guy wearing goggles on top of his head. Brianhops out of the shower and wanders across the bathroom.Justin watches Brian wrap a towel around his waist, graban apple, and lie down on the bed to eat it. Justinstares at him for a moment, then ambles past hissketchbook over to the computer screen, deciding to givethis new-fangled draw-ering machine a shot.]

[The next morning, Mike opens thedoor to his comic-book store for the very first time.Before he walks in, the femme Elvises from Woody's walkby on the street, singing "Follow that Dream"once last time. Mike steps in, throws his keys on thecounter, and surveys his new domain.]

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